

See West Society

SATURDAY MORNING VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1848.

NO 29.

Office over the Drug Store, (ENTRANCE FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

TERMS:

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuation. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



From the Model American Courier.
HOME.

There is no greener spot than home
Upon this bleak and barren earth,—
There are no purer joys below
Than sparkle round the peaceful hearth.

At home the wearied one may rest
A while from tasks of worldly strife;
At home the care-worn soul may find
Some shelter from the storms of life.

When with the busy throng he joins,
When ill's assail, when cares perplex,
And when reverses one by one,
And disappointments sore vex—

The thought of home steals o'er his soul,
And drives each darkness that away,
As sunshine chases from the plain
The shadows of a changeful day.

The hero wins a dazzling name,
Who yields, on battle-field, his life;
'Tis called a glorious thing to die
Amid the clash of deadly strife.

But I will envy not his fame,
Who, twined with wreaths of glory dies,
If I, 'mid those I hold most dear,
In death's long sleep may close my eyes.

Brookfield, May, 1848.

A *Reverend* on an *Oliver*.—The Salem Register tells this good story:

Daniel Webster was once standing in company with several other gentlemen, in the capital at Washington, as a drove of mules was going by. "Webster," says one of the Southern gentlemen, "there go some of your constituents."

"Yes," instantly replied Mr. Webster, "they are going South to teach School."

A *Simple Answer to a Pette Question*.—"Can I show you anything more to-day, sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter, of his worthy customer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

MEDICAL FACTS.—Py John Donkey, M. D.—Merchants generally die of the bilious, printers of typhus, and brokers of the remittent fever.

Masons usually go off with the stone-gravel or dropsy.

Abolitionists and colliers always die of the black vomit.

Most tailors leave the world in fits—though their customers rarely do.

Disappointed actors usually die of mortification.

If an editor is unwell you may be sure there is something wrong in the circulation.

Misers are frequently troubled with the gripes and pains in the chest.

Seamstresses suffer much from stitches in the side.

Some of our benevolent men are frequently attacked with inflammation on the bowels.

Children of Coopers are never free from the hooping cough.

Lovers have a palpitation of the heart, and exasperate too much. The best remedy is a strong solution of Sal Soda.

Our Congressional orators are never troubled with shortness of breath, although with them flatulence is not uncommon.

Dyers are subject to the blues and scarlet fever, and clockmakers of the tick-dolour.

Glaucians are never without pains. Brewers are constantly ailing.

The King's evil is not known in this country, and is becoming rare even in Europe.

From the Olive Branch. MARIA CLIFFORD, OR, THE PROTEGE.

BY EMMA WHARTON.

CHAPTER I.

Sidney Percival was a portionless orphan, but he had never felt the bitter ills with which orphanage, when conjoined with poverty, usually visits her hapless children. His mother, in her dying hour, placed him in the arms of a childless sister, who looked with delight on the lovely babe, who, utterly unconscious that he was at that moment suffering a loss, which no future time might repair, turned his bright blue eyes so swimmingly and trustingly upon her, and prayed that God might bless her, as she proved faithful to her sacred trust.

William Eldridge, the husband of this lady, was the head of a large publishing house in Philadelphia, and a very respectable man, as the world goes. That is to say, he had accumulated a fortune sufficient for the reasonable wants of half a dozen families, which he took very good care, should not be curtailed by a single unnecessary expense; looking upon charitable societies, and all other return movements of the day, as so many downright humbugs, who, no honest man should encourage by aiding. He had not a single idea above his business; and although he delighted to sell books, he regarded reading them as sheer waste of time. Although he daily practised a thousand tricks and meannesses in trade, yet having been guilty of nothing, which would render him a subject for the deliberations of twelve "good men and true," he considered himself a very honest man.

His wife was in all things, a true helpmeet for such an husband; seconding his views, and carrying them out as duty bound. In person she was his very antipode. While he was but five feet two, lean and lanky as a greyhound, she was fully five feet eight, and endowed with a rather unusual proportion of flesh; looking very much like a walking Colossus. But notwithstanding their worldliness, they could not but love, with their whole hearts, the beautiful boy entrusted to their care; whose frank nature, their selfish maxims failed to taint, and who, although growing beneath such culture, was nobleness and truth itself. To them he was a most doted and loving son; for there is a spontaneous gushing out of affection, in the heart of a child, towards those who stand to him in the relation of parents, quite independent of character or design.

It is the soft voice of the mother which soothes his feverish and fretful moanings, and lulls him to his cradle slumbers. It is her hand which ministers to his many calls, and when he is ill or hurt, her ready kiss is ever under contribution to soothe his pain or heal his wound. It is at her knee that his first prayer is lisped; and there his first clear perceptions of God and Heaven burst upon his mind. It is his father's industry which provides for his daily wants; and when infancy gives place to childhood, it is his father's hand which guides his out-door sports; his father's smiles his most cherished meed; his father's frown his most dreaded punishment.

All this had Sidney Percival's adopted parents been to him; and although he knew he had once had other parents, for whom he felt an instinctive love, and who, he intuitively perceived, must have differed from them widely, both in mind and body, he yet regarded these with all the habits of a child.

When he was about seventeen, Mrs. Eldridge, whose kitchen supporters were about as fluctuating as the opinions of a candidate for office, resolved to have at least one constant fixture, and accordingly, a little ten years' old inmate of the almshouse, was one day duly installed there, the result of her morning excursion.

"She is an orphan, and as the overseers tell me, illegitimate," said this kind lady to her husband, "but that need make no difference, as she will never appear in the parlor, except as a domestic."

"An orphan?" that word sounded sad to the ear of Sidney Percival, in spite of his splendid home, and kind treatment, and he hastened to see and comfort the poor destitute child. He found a little, pale, thin, dejected looking being, evidently well acquainted with misery, but who possessed a delicacy of features, and a certain refinement of thought and expression, which proved she had once been the subject of gentle nurture and tender care.

Her name, she informed him, was Maria Clifford, and she had, about a year previous, lost her mother, the only parent she had ever known. Full of the genial sympathies, and warm impulses of early youth, they were soon firm friends, and on the broad highway of conversation, when they were interrupted by the unexpected and unwelcome apparition of Mrs.

Eldridge, who exclaimed in an angry tone: "Why, Sidney Percival! have you no more pride than to be here talking to that little vagrant?"

"But, aunt Adeline," began our hero, in an apologetic tone, "she is an orphan, and—"

"She is an orphan, and," retorted his aunt, mimicking his tone, "and you so far forget your station and your duty to those who rescued you from a lot as lowly as her own, as to debase yourself by stooping to an acquaintance with her. Go directly to your proper place, and for the future confine yourself there; and as for you, little hussy, you are not to speak to him except to answer his demands."

Sidney Percival, who stood in deep awe of his aunt's magnificent turban and loud voice, hastened up stairs, as fast as his legs could carry him, while the little, despised outcast, applied herself to her mental task, with an aching heart.

From this time he dared not speak to her openly, although finding she loved to read, a book would sometimes find its way to her possession, with perhaps a slip of paper, on which were written words of encouragement and pity; and a choice flower would often fall from the hand of the careless boy, which would be seized and carried to her little room, to be hoarded as the miser hoards his treasure. The only return he received, was that sometimes when they met, where they were unobserved, she would raise her large dark eyes to his, with a look which thrilled to his very soul.

Two years passed away, and the declining health of Sidney began seriously to alarm his friends. His physicians prescribed a warmer climate, and Mr. Eldridge, having a brother in Cuba, it was decided to send him there. The night previous to his leaving home, on entering his chamber, he found in one of his books, a plain gold ring, with the following note: "As you are about leaving home, perhaps forever, I wish to present you some token of gratitude. This ring was the gift of my dear mother. The night she died, at the almshouse, she placed it on my finger, and bade me never part with it. But I feel that her pure spirit will rejoice to see it worn by one who has felt so much pity for her suffering child; besides, it is all I have to give. If you do not disdain the gift of one so far beneath you, will you wear it in the morning before you set off?"

"Poor girl," murmured our hero, as he read the touching letter, "how hard is her fate; how will she have to pity or befriend her when I am gone?" and the generous hearted boy immediately resolved to devise some excuse for giving up his voyage, and remain at home. The next morning, as he waited at the table, the heart of the grateful girl was gladdened by the sight of her gift, encircling the finger of Sidney Percival.

CHAPTER II.

Another two years elapsed, and Sidney Percival found himself once more in his native land. The pale, sickly looking stripling, with scarcely strength to bear about his feeble frame, had given place to the tall athletic man; his eyes beaming with animation and intelligence, his cheeks glowing with health, his body as much invigorated as his mind was improved by the scenes through which he had passed.

He was welcomed home with every demonstration of regard, by Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, his foster parents. But a great change had come over the spirit of the latter's dreams. She had formerly prided herself on being a smart, energetic woman, without a particle of ladyism. But the smart, energetic woman was completely merged in the delicate, languid lady of fashion—too indolent to pick up her own handkerchief, and ready for a fit of hysterics, at the smallest notice. Her voice had sunk to the most hesitating, simpering demisemigay of fashionable articulation; although even this could not entirely conceal its harshness of intonation; and she talked only of the beau monde, among whom she was making the most strenuous efforts to enroll herself.

This ridiculous display was extremely painful to the heart of Sidney, coming as it did from one whom he loved and revered as a parent, and he availed himself of the first pause, to change the conversation.

"I notice a good deal of change," said he, "since I left; I see old Caesar's place is supplied by a tall gaunt fellow, whose brogue smacks strong of the Emerald Isle. Have you any of the other old servants left?" this being the only way in which he dared to frame an inquiry for the little orphan, whose fate so nearly similar, and yet so widely differing from his own, had excited so deep an interest in his mind.

"Only Maria Clifford," was the reply, "and had it not been for charity's sake, we should long since been rid of her."

The supper bell brought Maria to her old station at the table, and he had an opportunity to observe her. The delicacy of features, he had so much admired, and which seemed to distinguish her from the children of the poorer classes, still remained; but there was a sad, almost despairing expression on her countenance, which went to his very heart. For several days, when they met, he spoke kindly to her, and in various ways manifested the interest he felt for her. But she soon desisted from this, for he ascertained that its inevitable consequence was, to procure for the poor girl, a sound rapping from Mrs. Eldridge. That lady hardly liking to visit upon the tall, elegant and somewhat independent man, the storm of wrath she would not have hesitated to pour upon the cringing boy. He saw this, and resolved, that while he would, as far as possible, avoid contention, he would use his influence to its utmost verge, in behalf of this unhappy girl.

CHAPTER III.

Three months passed away without any call for his interference, when one day, as he was entering the house, his ears were greeted with the most piercing screams from the cellar kitchen. On reaching the scene of action, what was his surprise to behold the delicate, sensitive Mrs. Eldridge, with her own soft hands, wielding a huge horsewhip about the person of poor Maria. Springing forward, he rescued the screaming child with one hand, while with the other, he wrenched the whip from the hand of the incensed Amazon, demanding, in no very gentle tone, what the poor child could possibly have done to deserve such harsh treatment.

"Done!" exclaimed the angry woman, in a voice almost marinate with rage, "done! she has broken that splendid porcelain vase you admired so much, which was presented to me by Count Fusio, the elegant Frenchman I so much regretted you had not reached home in season to meet. It was once the property of the duke de Berri, to whose son's cause he is attached. It was the only present he made in return for the many attentions he received from our citizens, and was therefore, an object of envy as well as admiration, to all my acquaintances."

"I did not break it, indeed I did not," pleaded the weeping child, "I never saw it until it was broken."

"It is false!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, "I sent you into the parlor not one hour before I found it; I know you did it."

"Perhaps it was an accident," suggested Sidney, "besides, the destruction of all the porcelain in the world could not merit such punishment."

"It was the only thing I ever had," said this thorough republican, "which had been touched by the fingers of royalty, and she extended her hand towards the child as if this argument was unanswerable."

"Indeed, my dear aunt," said Sidney, firmly but respectfully, "I cannot suffer this child to be punished any more."

"Suffer!" answered she, "Now Mrs. Eldridge was precisely one of those gentle tempers, who, when irritated, vent their rage on any person or thing opposing them. She had been waxing warm during the dispute, and her fury now burst forth.

"Suffer!" exclaimed she, "and who are you who dare to interfere with the matter? A child whom I took into my house from pity, and now, forsooth, he must dictate laws to me. Beware, sir, or you may have orders to quit my house."

"And, if I am obliged to quit it," answered the young man, resolutely, "I will not suffer this child to be so abused, and besides, my dear aunt, when you think calmly of it, I am sure you will think she has been sufficiently punished."

"Perhaps I have been hasty," exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, suddenly changing her manner, "but I have been sorely tempted. Since you desire it, Sidney, I will let her off; but I do not the less dislike your interference," and the good lady bounced out of the room.

Our hero, glad of any means of escape, spoke a few words of kindness to the child, and left the house, to which he did not return until after the family had retired to rest. The next day he had an engagement which kept him out until nearly night. As he was going up stairs on his return, he heard his own name called from a dark closet at the head of the stairs. A thought darted through his mind—He had not seen Maria Clifford that morning. This closet was the scene of many of his own childish punishments, and the idea occurred to him that his aunt's sudden change of manner was a mere ruse to gain possession of the child. Opening the door he beheld poor Maria crouched on the floor, at the farthest end of the dark closet. She informed him she had been there since the night previous, without one morsel of food. Mrs. Eldridge had informed her she should remain there until she confessed her fault.

"I knew your step when I heard it on the stairs," said she, "and before I thought

I spoke your name."

Taking the child by the hand, he led her to the parlor, where Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge were sitting.

"This child," said he, "is innocent. I questioned Patrick this morning, and he says he saw the cat leap through the window, a short time previous to your finding the broken vase. She probably jumped upon the table, threw it off, and frightened at the noise, leaped through the open window."

Mrs. Eldridge's fury knew no bounds. She refused the slightest credit to the Irishman's story, and turning to her husband, demanded how he could suffer his wife to be insulted by the minion of their bounty? Why did he not order him from his house?

Mr. Eldridge first tried to pacify his wife, but failing in this, he turned his passion upon our hero, who firmly, but respectfully stood his ground, and commanded him to quit his house.

"And if I do quit it," answered Sidney, "this child goes with me. I will not leave her here to be abused; but, indeed," continued he, in a deprecating tone, "I believe if you would think of it until to-morrow, you would be convinced of the truth of Patrick's story."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Eldridge sarcastically, "you had better take that time to decide on your own course," then suddenly changing his manner, he continued, in a serious tone, "if by that time you should have returned to your senses, all shall be forgiven. But if you still persist in your foolish attempt to destroy the wholesome discipline of my family, you must leave my house forever, and we must be henceforth strangers."

"And the child?" demanded Sidney.

"May likewise have the same time, to regain her senses," replied Mrs. Eldridge, "and if she will confess her fault, she too, may be forgiven; but should she still deny it, I shall adopt that course of punishment I may judge the most conducive to her reformation."

(Conclusion next week.)

Later from Mexico.

Defeat of Paredes—Confirmation of the death of Jarauna—Indian troubles.

The steamship Fanny, Capt. Scott, arrived at New Orleans on the 1st. inst., bringing intelligence to the 27th ult. Her advices from the capital are to the 22d—four days later than previously received.

Official and private letters received in the city of Mexico by express from Guadalupe, announce, that on the 18th ult., the troops of Bustamante gained an important triumph over the insurgents.

Father Jarauna was made prisoner, and in obedience to orders of the War department, he was immediately shot. When he was apprised of his approaching execution, he demanded an interview with Gen. Minon, in which he represented to him that Paredes had in his hands several prisoners, all of whom would be shot, were the life of his second in command to be taken. He tried other means of saving his life, but the orders of the Department were too positive, and were carried rigidly into execution. It is represented that this act of justice has entirely disconcerted Paredes and his followers.

The official despatches mention that the scoundrel Jarauna partook of the last sacrament of the church prior to his death, with extreme fervor. His remains were buried with the honor of a war hero to his rank.

Bustamante entered the city of Guadalupe the evening of the 18th without encountering any resistance, as the forces of the insurgents were already dispersed, their leaders having conspired themselves as soon as they heard of the execution of Jarauna.

The latest despatch from Bustamante is dated the 16th. In it he says that Paredes, with a few attendants, fled early in the action, and that he had despatched troops in pursuit of him. A body of troops had been ordered to Lagos, and another to Agus Calientes to arrest Paredes if possible. Capt. Scott, of the Fanny, states that when he left Vera Cruz, a report was current there that Paredes had been taken and would be shot. We think the rumor doubtful.

In the fight three government troops were killed and eight wounded.

The papers of San Luis give accounts of successes obtained over the insurgent Indians near the hacienda of Tapasco, on the 12th ult. A body of 400 were defeated, with a loss of thirty killed in battle, and some prisoners were made who were immediately shot.

A letter from Durango, dated June 23d, says: "There are 800 soldiers here, and among them 300 or 400 American deserters. Gen. Urrea is commandant. There are 800 or 1000 Indians in the State, who are marching on the city of Durango, and the inhabitants are much alarmed, the Indians having cut off communications by the roads."

By Telegraph for the St. Louis Union. Congressional.

WASHINGTON, August 7.

SENATE.—On motion, the Senate went into Executive session, and after some time spent therein, adjourned.

HOUSE.—On motion, the President's last message was taken up and considered.

Mr. Venable made a violent political speech, in which he assailed the Whigs and Gen. Taylor; after he concluded, the message was laid on the table for the present.

On motion of Mr. Hunt, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. After much disorderly proceedings, an attempt was made to get up the Harbor bill, but without effecting any thing, the Committee rose.

Calls of the House were twice ordered, after which a resolution was adopted, providing that all debate on the Harbor bill be closed on Wednesday next.

On motion, the House again resolved itself into Committee, and took up the Harbor bill—Mr. Hunt opened the debate.

The Committee then rose, and the House resolved on holding a night session, and took a recess.

WASHINGTON, August 8.

SENATE.—The Senate was called to order, and proceeded to the consideration of the morning business.

Mr. Webster appeared in his seat. The Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Secretary of State.

Numerous petitions were presented and referred.

A bill granting a donation of land to the Mobile and Ohio railroad, was taken up, and amended by making a similar grant for a road from Jackson, Miss., to the Alabama line.

Mr. Lewis offered an amendment making a similar grant to the Pensacola and Montgomery railroad, which was adopted.

Mr. Benton offered an amendment making a similar grant for the St. Joseph and Hannibal railroad, which was adopted. The bill was then debated and passed by yeas 34, nays 15.

The Senate then went into Executive session, and after some time spent therein adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House was in session last night till 10 o'clock, debating the River and Harbor bill in Committee of the Whole.

To-day the House has been engaged with private bills on the calendar.

A SAILOR'S RETURN.

On Saturday last, while passing Centre street, we encountered an aged woman, leaning on the arm of a young sailor, who was carrying a small Bible. The young man accosted us, and inquired the way to Roosevelt; after having given him the information he desired, our curiosity prompted us to inquire whether he was a native of this city—to which he replied in the affirmative, stating, however, that he had been absent 11 years, but found the city so much altered that he was compelled to ask the road to places with which he had ever been most familiar. "It was with difficulty," he added, "that I could find out where my old woman was moored; but I made her out at last."

"Yes," said the old lady; "and it was a joyous meeting, too, sir, for I had not heard of him for five long years, and almost gave up seeing him; but God who takes care of this widow, has sent him back to me—and he carries the Bible that I gave him."

"And it shall never leave me," said he; "it has been my guide and compass, and comfort; but we shall be late for service, mother." With this remark, after again thanking me, the widow and her son passed on, to offer up their thanksgiving in the house of their Creator.—New York Sun.

A LARGE ONION.

"Do you call them large turnips?" "Why yes, they are considerably large." "They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day."

"And how large was the onion?" "Oh! a monster; it weighed forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!" "Yes, and we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went completely round a demijohn that held four gallons."

"What a whopper!" "You don't mean to say that I lie?" "Oh! no; what a whopper of an onion, I mean."